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PHYSICIAN AND SURDEON, OFFICE AV RESIDENCE, SALISBURY, VI



# Middleburn



VOL. XLI.

The Old Scissors' Soliloguy. A Wonderful Escape.

BY PARRENAS SIX.

I am lying at rest in the sanotum to-night—
The place is deserted and still—
To my right lie exchanges and manuscripts white,
To my left are the ink and the quill—
Yes, the quill, for my moster's old fashioned and
quains,
And refuses to write with a pen,
He insists that old Franklin, the editor saint,
Used a quill, and he'll imitate Ben.

I love the old fellow—together for years

We have managed the "Farmer's Garatte,"
And although I smold, I'm his favorite shear:
And can crowd the compenitors yet.
But my duties are rather too heavy I think,
And I citentimes envy the quill
As it lasily leans with its nile in the ink
While I'm slashing away with a will.

But when I was now—I remember it well,
Though a score of long years have gone byThe heaviest share of the editing fell
On the quilt, and I think with a sigh
of the days when I'd scisor an extract or two
From a neighboring editor's leader,
Then isugh in my sleeve at the quilt as it flow
In bohalf of the general reader.

I am being paid off for my merriment then,
For my master is wrinkled and gray,
And seldom lays hold of his primitive pen
Except when he wishes to say:
"We are needing some money to run this machine
And subscribers will please to remit;"
Or, "That last load of wood that Jones brought

And so knotty it couldn's be split."

He is nervous and deaf and is getting quite blind
(Though he hates to acknowledge the latter),
And I'm corry to say it's a puzzle to find
Head or tall to the most of his matter.
The compositors plague him whomever they see
The result of a luckless endeaver,
But the darling old rascal just lays it to me,
And I make no remonstrance whatever.

Yes, I shoulder the blanc-very little I care

For I shoulder the blanes—very little I care
For the joily compositor a jest,
For I think of a head with the silveny hair
That will soon, very soon be at reat.
He has labored full long for the true and the good,
Mid the manifold troubles that it's us—
His only emolument raiment and food,
And—a pass, now and then, to the circus.

Heigho? from the past comes a memory bright Of a lass with the freshness of clover. Who used me to clip from her tresses one night A memorial lock for her lover.

That dear little lock is still glossy and brown, But the lass is much older and faiter, And the youth—he's an editor hers in the town-I'm employed on the staff of the latter.

I am lying at reet in the sanctum to-night—
The place is deserted and still—
The stars are abread and the moon is in sight
Through the trees on the brow of the hill.
Clouds hurry along in undignified haste
And the wind rushes by with a wait—
Hello! there's a whopping big rat in the paste
Item I'd like to shut down on his tail!

# MIDDLEBURY, VT., MAY 13, 1876,

Do we Swear.

Mark Twain contributes the following Tom Hood's Annual :

The only merit I claim for the follow ing parrative is that it is a true story It has a mural on the end of it, but I claim nothing on that, as it is merely thrown in to curry favor with the relig-

After I had reported a couple of years on the Virginia City, Nevada, Daily En-terprise, they promoted me to be editorin chief, and I lasted just a week by the watch. But I made an uncommonly lively paper while I did last, and when I

ATONING ALL LAW.

It listed is the now representation of the plants of t

As No DAVENDER, Fire loading and the product of the water of the control of the same of the care of th

The contract of the plant of th

A Shaker Meeting. Some people, who will not swear them. I am not sure whether the different solves, repeat with evident guise the faces in the march had a greater or less woman who had lost her only child. She tobaco-juice decorations of last year. profanity of others. A man will tell a story interlarded with expressions which he would not use himself, and seem to take satisfaction in saying things which he would be ashaned to say in his own proper person. Many a man will induce in witteisms on the "strong" language of another, or aliade playfully to the "cpithets" scattered through his talk. An inexperienced listener would suppose there was something bright and fanny in the strong bright and strong bright and fanny in the strong bright and strong bright swearing.

fashion. Father Abraham is very deaf, house, saying, "Give me a mustard seed, We hear expressions like these: "I said in the singing some final bit of hela-kin | folks, a mu tard need for the pro-hretired I had a duct on my hands and three horse-whippings promised me.

The latter I made no attempt to collect; but however, the history concerns only the former. It was in the eld flush times of the silver excitement, when the

The Buddha's Answer.

There came to the Buddha, one day, a lock that however, the history concerns only the Green. It was in the history concerns only the Green. It was in the history concerns only the Green. It was in the history concerns only the Green. It was in the history concerns only the Green. It was in the history concerns only the Green, and the calliform: It is not only the Green, and the control of the history of the history

At the recent election in Minneapolis,

And now-I can't speak of her, hardly, for trans

thing.
With a voice that you thought was made only to NO. 7. And a took in her eyes that - well, new it's se sad. That I wender it ever was merry and glad.

At the recent election in Minneapolis, where women voted, they wreathed the ballot-boxes with flowers to cover up the tobaco-juice decorations of last year.

Tean too young to be certain what marriage might mean;

As for him—there was never so handsome a beau who made love in so winning a fashion, I know.

ment has substituted four, corresponding I was with her last night, and I subbed at the

UMN.

Jenny Malone. It is out a short time since poor Jonny Malone Had a heart and a future as glad as my own. We were classimates and reciminates together, for

WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE COL-

She was winsome and bright, such a loving young

When she married Rob Reach she was only nine